

Joe Makes PFC!!!... A STRIPE FOR JC

10c

52 BIG PAGES

G.I. Joe

ANC



No. 17

NOVEMBER

Trapped By Mortars...
A TIME FOR WAITING

TWO BIG
G.I. Joe
CONTESTS
\$1500.00
IN
PRIZES





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

the SECRET of TREASURE CAVE-
How Gray Shadow Tracked
Down the Mystery of
Spike's Sudden Wealth.

GIVEN! **BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!**
WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE TRUST YOU!

22 Cal. Rifles, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Boys-girls Bicycles (Express charges collect). Write or mail coupon to start.

ACT NOW!

OUR 57th YEAR

Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for salve and pictures.

LET'S GO!

WE TRUST YOU

MAIL COUPON!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). **WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE** easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25c a box (with picture).

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OUR 57th YEAR

ACT NOW!

OUR 57th YEAR

ACT NOW!

Lovely fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Ukuleles, Alarm Clocks. Write or mail coupon today.

ACT NOW!

Ukuleles, Radios, Pen & Pencil Sets, Food Choppers, Watches (sent postage paid).

ACT NOW!

Flashlights, Footballs, Corn Poppers, Fishing Sets, Telescopes.

ACT NOW!

Archery Sets, Dolls, Wrist Watches, Footballs, Pencil Sharpeners, School Boxes, Roller Skates, Wallets, Flashlights. Mail coupon for salve and pictures to start.

ACT NOW!

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ACT NOW!

Rifles, Motion Picture Cameras with roll of film, Roller Skates, Radios, Mail coupon to start.

WE TRUST YOU!

MAIL COUPON!

LET'S GO!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 118, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....
ST..... R. D..... BOX.....
TOWN..... ZONE NO..... STATE.....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE.....
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 57th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!

G.I. Joe in A TIME FOR WAITING

FOR DAYS NOW, "BAKER" COMPANY HAS BEEN HOLDING A SCRUBBY VALLEY POCKET AGAINST TERRIFIC RED POUNDING. EVEN THE PATROLS ARE UNABLE TO PENETRATE MORE THAN A FEW YARDS INTO THE BRUSH BEFORE THE RED MORTARS NAIL THEM...





YEAH! SIT TIGHT! **COLONEL BRACE** THINKS HE'S STILL IN A **WEST POINT** CLASSROOM! THOSE ARE **MEN** DYIN' OUT THERE... NOT **PINS** ON A MAP!



LISTEN, MULVANEY! I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU DO! BUT **COLONEL BRACE** IS **COMMANDER** HERE... AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!



OH, MULVANEY! SOME NEW REPLACEMENTS JUST CAME IN! NOT MANY, BUT AT LEAST IT WILL FILL SOME OF THE GAPS! TAKE THREE FOR YOUR PLATOON!

GOT'CHA, LOOTENANT!



YOU THREE - OVER HERE! YOU'LL FILL IN BLUE PLATOON! GIMME YOUR NAMES AND THEN GO WITH PVT. BURCH! HE'LL SHOW YA WHERE T'SACK DOWN!

I'M KUYKENDALL!

HENDERSON HERE!



MY NAME'S BRACE... **GEORGE BRACE**!

BRACE, HUM? ANY RELATION TO A **COLONEL**?



YEAH... **COLONEL BRACE** IS MY **FATHER**!

WELL WHATTA YUH KNOW?... THE **RAMROD'S** KID... IN **MY** OUTFIT!

ALL RIGHT, JOE! SHOW 'EM TO THEIR **QUARTERS**!

WHILE IN CAPTAIN KING'S TENT...

...I'M CHECKING ALL FRONT LINE POSITIONS PERSONALLY TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT WE STAY NAILED DOWN! THERE MUST BE ABSOLUTELY **NO FORWARD PENETRATION!**

BUT, COLONEL BRACE, THOSE MORTARS ARE CUTTING US TO RIBBONS!

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN AFTER THEM! WE MUST WAIT!

SORRY TO INTRUDE, CAPTAIN, I'LL... OH, COLONEL BRACE!

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED, COLONEL! ONE OF THE NEW MEN, GEORGE BRACE, CLAIMS HE'S YOUR **SON...**

I.. I CAN CALL HIM HERE IF YOU WISH, SIR!

THAT--THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!

AND, CAPTAIN, I NEEDN'T CAUTION YOU TO AFFORD PRIVATE BRACE THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE REST OF THE MEN! MY SON OR NOT... **HE'S A FOOT-SOLDIER!**

HE DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO SEE HIS OWN KID!

THEY DON'T COME TOUGHER THAN THAT!

SAY, JOE-- WHAT'S TODAY'S DATE?

THE DATE? GEE, KID, I DUNNO! DAYS KINDA RUN TOGETHER OUT HERE!

STARTIN' TOMORROW, BRACE, YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY T'WORRY ABOUT THE DATE! LIGHTS OUT, YOU GUYS! HIT THE SACK!

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS BAKER COMPANY HOLDS ITS POSITION. AND THE MORTARS TAKE THEIR TOLL...





HELP ME!
HELP ME!
OHNNNNNN!



HENDERSON
AND WILSON
DEAD! BRACE
IS PRETTY
BAD, SARGE!

GOTTA GET THIS
TOURNIQUET ON
HIM ... FAST!

OHNNNNH...
IT HURTS
SO BAD...
HELP ME...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



IT'S ALMOST 2300!
I WONDER HOW
THE KID IS!

HERE'S THE
MEDIC!

DOC,
WHAT'S
THE WORD?

HE'S SHOT UP TOO
BAD WITH SHRAPNEL!
CAN'T LAST MORE THAN
FEW MINUTES... DON'T
KNOW HOW HE'S HELD
OUT THIS LONG...

HOW CAN I TELL THE
KID IT'S ONLY MARCH 20TH?



IT'S ALMOST...
MARCH 21ST, GEORGE
... JUST
A FEW
MORE
MINUTES...

I...I THINK I CAN
HOLD OUT... I'VE
GOTTA HOLD OUT!



HOW—HOW YOU
FEELIN', GEORGE?

NO PAIN NOW, JOE!
THAT'S FUNNY,
AIN'T IT? I...
WHAT DATE IS IT?
I GOTTA KNOW!



GEORGE...IT'S ME...
MULVANEY! WOULD
YUH WANT ME T'DO
ANYTHIN' FOR YUH?
BRING ANYBODY
TO SEE YUH?

I...YES, PLEASE,
SARGE... BRING
HIM... BRING
MY DAD...

A FEW MOMENTS LATER A JEEP ROARS THROUGH THE RAIN TOWARD REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS...



LOOK, CORPORAL, I'M IN A BIG HURRY T'GET TO GHQ... GOT BUSINESS THERE!

WELL, YOU BETTER HAVE SOME MIGHTY CONVINCIN' PAPERS! LET'S SEE 'EM!



HERE — I GOT MY PAPERS! ORDERS, PASSES, ALL KINDS OF THINGS! BETTER LEAN IN FURTHER, CORPORAL... I DON'T WANT 'EM T'GET WET!

WHERE? I DON'T SEE NO PAPERS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE COMBINED OPERATIONS ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS...

... I'M SORRY, COLONEL BRACE, I CAN'T GIVE EFFECTIVE AIR SUPPORT FOR YOUR ATTACK UNTIL THAT OVERCAST LIFTS!

MAJOR, I *WON'T* KEEP THOSE MEN BOTTLED UP MUCH LONGER! IF THAT OVERCAST DOESN'T LIFT WITHIN 48 HOURS... WE MUST DO IT *ALONE*!



COLONEL BRACE! I GOTTA TALK T'YUH! IT'S ABOUT YER KID!

WHA—? WHERE ARE THE MPS? GET HIM OUT OF HERE!





AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE FRONT...





DAD... SO MANY MEN ARE DYING OUT THERE... PINNED DOWN BY AN ORDER! DO RIGHT BY THEM...

I - I WILL, GEORGE...



DO-DO YOU KNOW TODAY IS? MARCH 21ST - MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY! TODAY I'M A MAN, DAD... JUST LIKE YOU ALWAYS WANTED!



A MAN...



A LOT OF MEN HAVE DIED HERE, SIR! MUST WE STILL WAIT!

THERE'S A TIME FOR WAITING... AND A TIME FOR ACTION! CAPTAIN, WE CAN WAIT NO LONGER FOR AIR SUPPORT! TAKE YOUR MEN THROUGH THAT LINE WHENEVER YOU'RE READY!



LET'S JUST CALL IT A **SPRING OFFENSIVE**... THAT'S APPROPRIATE ... THIS BEING THE **TWENTY-FIRST**... THE **FIRST DAY OF SPRING!**

THAT'S UNUSUAL... I WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE COLONEL COULD MAKE A MISTAKE LIKE THAT! THIS ISN'T MARCH 21ST... IT'S ONLY THE 20TH!

HE KNOWS IT, CAPTAIN... WE ALL KNOW IT! I GUESS THE COLONEL AIN'T SUCH A BAD OLD GUY AT THAT!

WELL, I KNOW ONE BUNCH AIN'T NEVER GONNA SEE SPRING THIS YEAR! THEM RED MORTAR CREWS! COME ON, YOU GUYS, LET'S GET 'EM! IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!



THE END

G.I. Joe

in

Fountain Pen Soldier

PRESTON BENEDICT WAS "BAKER" COMPANY'S CLERK. TO THE MEN HE WAS JUST PLAIN "BENNY" AND HE FOLLOWED THE G.I.'S LIKE A KID FOLLOWS HIS FAVORITE BALLPLAYER. NOW, MULVANEY'S PLATOON RETURNS FROM PATROL. AS USUAL, BENNY IS THERE TO GREET THEM...

HOW'D IT GO, FELLAS?
EVERYBODY OKAY? WAS
THERE MANY OF 'EM?
HUH, FELLAS?

LOOK, BENNY! WHY'N'CHA BE
A NICE LITTLE COMPANY
CLERK AN' BEAT IT? CAN'TCHA
SEE THE GUYS DON'T WANNA
TALK NOW?



AIN'T YOU BEIN'
A LITTLE ROUGH
ON BENNY,
SARGE?

LISTEN, BURCH! FIGHTIN' A
WAR'S TOUGH ENOUGH
WITHOUT HAVIN' TO REPORT
TO *THAT* LITTLE SQUIRT
ALLA TIME!

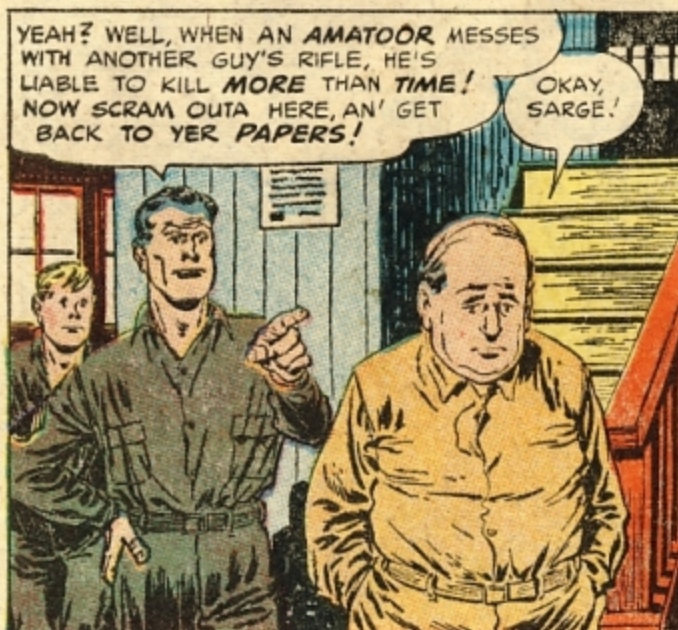


HE'S JUST
INTERESTED IN THE
GUYS, SARGE! IT
MUST BE PRETTY
LONELY--STAMPIN'
PAPERS WHILE YER
BUDDIES ARE OUT
FIGHTIN'!

YEAH? WELL
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA
STAMP PAPERS--
AND ANY GUY WITH
A HANDLE LIKE
PRESTON BENEDICT
IS MADE TO ORDER
FOR TH' JOB!



A FEW DAYS LATER...



THE NEXT MORNING, THE "DULCET" TONES OF THE BUGLE AROUSE THE MEN FROM SLUMBER...



THAT EVENING, AS THE MEN RETURN TO THE BARRACKS...

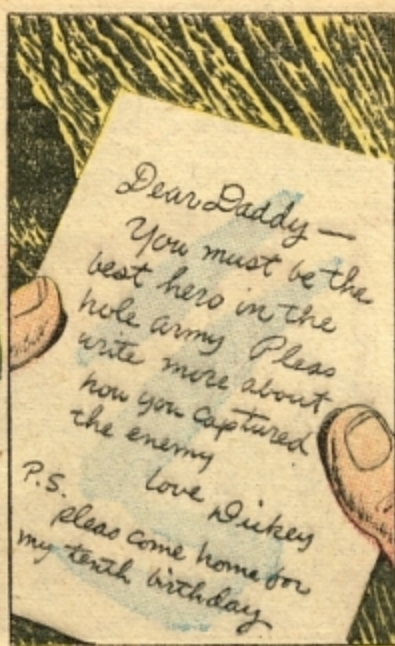


HEY, LOOK! SOMEBODY DROPPED A LETTER!



WHO'S IT ADDRESSED TO, JOE?

CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! ENVELOPE'S KINDA WORN!



Dear Daddy —
You must be the best hero in the whole army. Please write more about how you captured the enemy.
Love, Dickey
P.S. please come home for my tenth birthday.



GEE! AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A KID?

YEAH, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE LETTER BELONGS TO!

I'LL POST IT ON THE BOARD IN THE MORNING! MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL CLAIM IT!



I GOTTA FIND IT! I JUST GOTTA!

WHAT'S WITH BENNY?

HEY, BENNY! WHAT'CHA LOOKIN' FOR?



NOTHIN'! JUST FORGET IT-- THAT'S ALL!

NOW THERE'S A CHARACTER FOR YA!

HEY, WAIT! I GOT IT!



THE LETTER! THAT'S WHAT BENNY MUSTA BEEN LOOKIN' FOR! DON'TCHA SEE? BENNY'S KID MUSTA WROTE THIS LETTER!

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT? BENNY'S KID THINKS HE'S A REAL WAR HEE-RO! HE MUSTA TOLD THAT KID SOME PRETTY WILD STORIES!



SOME DAYS LATER, "BAKER" COMPANY IS BACK IN ACTION...



MINUTES LATER, JOE RETURNS...



AND WHEN THE MEN RETURN TO CAMP, BENNY SHOWS UP, AS USUAL...



JOE RETURNS SECONDS LATER, AND...



AND WHEN THE MAIL TRUCK ARRIVES...



WON'T BENNY'S KID BE PROUD WHEN HE SEES HIS DADDY'S PICTURE IN THE PAPERS, SARGE?

HEY, JOHNNY! TAKE CARE OF THIS PACKAGE! IT'S VALOO-ABLE!

HERE COMES BENNY, JOE!



KINDA NICE TO GET MAIL FROM THE FAMILY, AIN'T IT, BENNY?

I WOULDN'T KNOW! I AIN'T GOT NO FAMILY!



THAT GUY MUSTA POPPED HIS CORK! WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT? NO FAMILY!

BEATS ME! MAYBE HIS FAMILY FORGOT TO WRITE -- AND HE'S SORE ABOUT IT!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AN INFANTRY COMPANY PASSING THROUGH, STOPS AT THE CAMP..



LOOK AT THEM SHINY NEW UNIFORMS, SARGE! BETCHA THEM KIDS IS FRESH FROM THE STATES!

SAY, HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM! WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?



I WONDER IF YOU MEN CAN HELP ME! I'M LOOKING FOR THE MAN IN THIS PICTURE! DO YOU KNOW HIM?

THAT'S THE PICTURE JOE TOOK!

SURE! THAT'S BENNY! DO YOU KNOW HIM?



I OUGHT TO! HE'S MY FATHER!

BUT--



JOE! WHERE YA GOIN'?

WAIT HERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! DON'T GO AWAY, KID!

A MOMENT LATER...



THIS HERE'S A LETTER FROM BENNY'S KID-- AN' IT SAYS HE'S ONLY 10 YEARS OLD!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS 10 WHEN I WROTE THAT LETTER! BUT THAT WAS EIGHT YEARS AGO-- DURING THE LAST WAR!

YOU SEE, TWO YEARS AGO, DAD GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB IN NEW YORK! MOM AND I WERE ON OUR WAY TO JOIN HIM WHEN OUR PLANE CRASHED IN THE ROCKIES! THERE WASN'T MUCH LEFT OF THAT PLANE OR THE PEOPLE IN IT!



AN' EVERYBODY YES! BUT BY FIGURED YOU SOME WERE DEAD, MIRACLE, MOM TOO! AND I WERE THROWN FROM THE PLANE WHEN IT HIT THAT FIRST TREE! A TRAPPER FOUND US AND TOOK US TO HIS CABIN! A WEEK LATER, A SEARCHING PARTY SHOWED UP-- BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!



TOO LATE! WHY?

BY THAT TIME, DAD HAD ALREADY DISAPPEARED! I GUESS HE'D GIVEN UP HOPE OF EVER FINDING US ALIVE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM EVER SINCE! YOU COULD IMAGINE HOW I FELT WHEN A FRIEND OF MINE FROM BACK HOME MAILED ME THIS CLIPPING! I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES... AND THERE I WAS, SHIPPING OUT FOR KOREA!



WELL, I'LL BE--! THEN YOU'RE DICKIE!

HA! HA! JUST PLAIN DICK NOW!

MY LETTER! THEY GOT MY LETTER! AN' THEY'RE LAUGHIN' AT IT!



SO YOU'RE THE ONES WHO FOUND MY LETTER! AN' YA KEPT IT! WHY, I OUGHTA--

WAIT, BENNY! DON'T YA RECKANIZE YOUR OWN KID?



MY KID? IT-- IT CAN'T--

IT'S ME, DAD! DICKIE!



DICKIE! OH, MY SON! MY SON! YOU'RE ALIVE!

EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW, DAD! MOM IS ALL RIGHT, TOO! SHE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR THAT YOU'RE SAFE AND SOUND!



I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LEMME CRY, SON-- I'M TOO HAPPY TO STOP NOW!

SURE, DAD!



GEE (SNIFF) I HOPE THE KID DON'T FIND OUT THAT HIS POP NEVER GOT TO SHOULDER A GUN!

OH, YEAH? YA BETTER READ WHAT IT SAYS UNDER THIS PICTURE, SARGE!



WORLD WAR II HERO IN ACTION AGAIN

Preston Benedict, highly decorated hero of World War II, is shown with captured enemy officers in Korea. A similar exploit won him the Silver Star during the last war.



--AN' THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, LOOTENANT!

AND QUITE A STORY IT IS! I'LL SEE THAT BENEDICT GETS A FURLOUGH BACK TO THE STATES IMMEDIATELY! AND TO QUOTE A CERTAIN SERGEANT I KNOW-- "I AIN'T NEVER SEEN A NICER BUNCH OF GUYS."

AND SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...



BAM! SOCK!

I'LL SHOW YA!

WHAT'S THAT?

C'MON! LET'S GO SEE!



LOOK! IT'S THE NEW COMPANY CLERK AND ONE OF THE RECRUITS!

C'MON! BREAK IT UP, YOU BIRDS!



OKAY, LET'S HAVE IT. WHAT'S THE BIG ISSUE HERE!

THE NOISE OF THIS GUY--TELLIN' ME HOW TO CLEAN A RIFLE! WHAT DOES A COMPANY CLERK KNOW ABOUT RIFLES!



YA NEVER CAN TELL, SON! YA NEVER CAN TELL!

YOU ARE SO RIGHT, SERGEANT!

The End

"RABBIT EARS" RYAN WAS A HOT-SHOT PITCHER. THEY JUST DIDN'T COME ANY BETTER. IF YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK RYAN HIMSELF. HE'D TELL YOU. PROVED IT, TOO, THAT TIME HE HAD TO THROW ...

BUDDIES IN *The* HIGH, HARD ONE



HEY, DOOLIN! WHAT'S THIS I BEEN HEARIN' ABOUT THIS NEW GUY RYAN? THE BOYS ARE SAYIN' HE'S BEEN SOUNDIN' OFF BIG TO THE KIDS!

YEAH, SARGE! HE'S TERRIFIC! Y' OUGHTA HEAR 'IM!

YA MEAN YA STRUCK OUT 20 GUYS IN ONE GAME? GEE! **BOB FELLER** NEVER EVEN DID THAT!

YESSIREE! AH SET A LEAGUE RECORD, AH DID! AN TH' ONLY HIT THEY GOT OFFA ME WUZ A BUNT 'CAUSE MY CATCHER WUZ GETTIN' SO FAT HE COULDN'T PICK UP TH' BALL!



A DOZEN BIG LEAGUE SCOUTS WUZ LOOKIN' ME OVER! BOY, OH, BOY! THEY DARNED NEAR BROKE THEIR NECKS RUSHIN' TO SIGN ME UP! NATURALLY, AH SIGNED WITH TH' CLUB WHAT OFFERED ME THE BIGGEST BONUS... TH' BROOKLYN DODGERS!





YEP, SARGE! THIS GUY SURE KNOWS HIS BASEBALL! WE GOT A REAL PITCHER IN THE OUTFIT!

COME OFF IT, DOOLIN! YOU AIN'T NEVER HEARD OF THIS GUY ANY MORE'N ME! YOU NEVER EVEN SEEN 'IM THROW A BALL!



AH STARTED ON TH' FARM CLUB AT GREENSBORO! MAH FAST BALL KNOCKED 'EM DEAD! THEN AH WUZ SENT UP TO MOBILE, WHERE AH WON 22 WITH MAH WICKED CURVE!



AH'D A PROBLY BEEN STRIKIN' OUT BOBBY THOMSON AN' WINNIN' TH' PENNANT FER TH' DODGERS LAS' YEAR IF 'TWEREN'T FER THIS OL' WAR!



LISTEN, RYAN! EVER SINCE YOU CAME INTO THIS OUTFIT ALL WE BEEN HEARIN' IS HOW GOOD YOU ARE! LET'S SEE SOME BOX SCORES TO PROVE IT!

WHO CARRIES BOX SCORES IN KOREA? YA THINK AH'M A BRAGGART OR SOMETHIN'?



ONE DAY, SOON AFTER...

CORPORAL FOGARTY REPORTING FOR DUTY, SARGE! I HAVEN'T MISSED CHOW, HAVE I?

YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU EVER MISSED CHOW IN YOUR LIFE, FOGARTY! OKAY, STOW YOUR GEAR AN' FOLLER ME!

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY B



AN' THIS HERE'S OUR PITCHIN' PHENOM! HE'S GONNA BE THE BEST FLINGER THE DODGERS EVER HAD - HE SEZ!

WELL, I'LL BE - "RABBIT EARS" RYAN!

YESSUH... ALL TH' PITCHIN' GREATS COME FROM DOWN MAH PART O' THE COUNTRY... DIZZY DEAN... CARL HUBBELL... AN' NOW AH'M GONNA - "FATSO" FOGARTY!!



AS SOON AS THEY REACH THE FRONT LINES "BAKER" COMPANY IS PINNED DOWN BY HEAVY MORTAR AND MACHINE GUN FIRE...



THE TWO MEN GO OUT... AND AS THEY RETURN...



RYAN! C'MON
BACK! THEY'LL
BLAST YOUR
HEAD OFF!

GOTTA WARM UP TH' OL'
SOUPBONE, SARGE! GONNA
SHOW YA SOME REAL GOOD
RELIEF PITCHIN'!



TH' MACHINE
GUN... BEHIND
TH' WALL...
GET 'IM,
RABBIT
EARS!

SURE 'NUFF, FATSO! AH'LL JUS'
TOSS 'EM ONE O' MAH
SWEEPIN' CURVE BALLS!



ST-EE-RIKE ONE!

ATTABOY,
RABBIT
EARS! MOW
'EM DOWN,
KID!



I'LL TRY AN'
DRAG FOGARTY
IN! YOU
GET THEM
MORTARS,
RYAN...
BEHIND
THEM
TREES!

AH CAIN'T SEE 'EM, BUT
MAH LI'L OL' BLOOPER
BALL'LL SMOKE 'EM
OUT O' THERE!



ST-EE-RIKE
TWO!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT,
RYAN!
HIT THE
DIRT!

GUESS AH'LL JUS HAVE
TO FINISH 'EM OFF
WITH MAH HIGH, HARD
ONE DOWN THE
MIDDLE!



HE DID IT, SARGE!
KNOCKED THE
TANK OUT WITH A
GRENADE RIGHT
THROUGH THE
GUN PORT!

BUT HE'S HIT...
THEY GOT 'IM!
C'MON, WE
GOTTA GO OUT
FOR 'IM!



RYAN IS RESCUED, AND THE COMMIE ATTACK THROWN BACK. LATER, AT A FIELD HOSPITAL...

LATER... WHEN FOGARTY AND RYAN ARE ALONE...



YES, SIR! RABBIT EARS SURE DID SOME CLUTCH PITCHIN'!

BOY, WHAT CONTROL! HE SURE CAN CHUCK THAT APPLE!

AIN'T I BEEN TELLIN' YA THAT ALL ALONG, SARGE? HE'S TERRIFIC!



IF YOU HAD THAT KINDA CONTROL WHEN I WUZ YOUR CATCHER, RABBIT EARS, YOU'D O' BEEN A BIG LEAGUER SOME DAY! BUT YOU JUS' KEPT GOIN' DEEPER INTO THE BUSH LEAGUES!

AH SURE 'PRECATE YOU DIDN'T TELL THE BOYS TH' TRUTH, FATSO! AH WUZ TELLIN' 'EM ALL HOW GREAT AH WUZ TILL YOU CAME ALONG!



I COULDN'T SAY ANYTHIN', RABBIT EARS! THAT WOULDN'T HAVE DONE YA MUCH GOOD!



YOU WERE A "RABBIT EARS"... THAT WUZ YER TROUBLE! YOU BLEW UP EVERY TIME YOU WUZ IN A JAM! YOU HEARD EVERY WORD WHEN THE OTHER TEAM OR FANS WUZ JOCKEYIN' YOU!

AH RECKON NOW AH JUS' AIN'T GOT THE STUFF FOR THE BIG LEAGUES! AH'LL ALWAYS BE A BUSH PITCHER! AH DON'T EVEN THINK AH'LL GO BACK TO BASEBALL, FATSO!



QUIT BASEBALL? ARE YOU NUTS? WHY, YOU WUZ OUT THERE WITH YOUR LIFE AT STAKE... AGAINST RED TANKS AN' GUNS... AN' YOUR CONTROL WUZ PERFECT! DO YOU THINK BASES LOADED COULD SCARE YOU AFTER THAT?



YOU'RE GETTIN' DISCHARGED SOON... AN' YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO BASEBALL... ALL THE WAY TO THE BIG LEAGUES! AFTER WHAT YOU SHOWED AGAINST THOSE REDS, NOTHIN' CAN STOP YOU NOW!

AH RECKON AH SEE WHAT Y'ALL MEAN, FATSO! YESSIREE, AH'LL BET TH' DODGERS'LL BE GLAD T'KNOW AH'M GONNA BE AVAILABLE AGAIN!



AND A FEW WEEKS LATER... S'LONG, RYAN! SEE YA IN TH' WORLD SERIOUS, KID!

KEEP THROWIN' THAT HARD ONE REMEMBER, NO MORE "RABBIT EARS"! G'BYE, FELLAS! SORRY AH NEVER GOT T'SHOW YA ALL MAH KNUCKLE BALL! IT SURE IS A WHING-DINGER!

THE END

Sensational NEW Story by

MICKEY SPILLANE!

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in

fantastic

**new digest size
magazine**

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JUST IN CASE

“WELL, Sergeant Brady, what do you say? It's either you or Corporal Keller. Someone's got to knock out that Red ammo dump near Colonel Ying's headquarters.”

“Why can't we drop a few shells over there, Captain? We know the approximate location of the dump, don't we?”

Captain Dooley's eyes showed his combat weariness. His “Charley” Company had been on the line for three weeks without a let up. “We can't spare the shells, Brady. Our big stuff hasn't caught up with us yet.”

“So it's a slogger's job, huh, Captain?”

“Yeah—it's always a slogger's job. Who's it going to be, Sergeant—you or Keller?”

“When do you want to know?”

Dooley looked up at the Korean sky. His eyes moved westward, to the low range of hills a dozen miles away. “Let's see, it's six now. Be dark enough to start by eight. Make it eight.”

“Right, Captain. Eight o'clock.” Brady made his way through the woods to the portable kitchen a few hundred yards away. A half-hour later he was squatting next to Corporal Keller as the two men ate their supper of lamb stew, bread, black coffee and rice pudding. Keller looked surprised as Brady offered him his rice pudding. Brady didn't give anything away for nothing.

“What's on your mind, Brady? If it's dough, I'm short.”

“Naw! What good is dough up here? Just wanted to tell you Captain Dooley has got a special mission for you. You're going to knock over a Commie ammo dump.”

Keller pushed back the rice pudding and went

on eating. “How come I didn't get it from the Captain direct? How come he told *you* first?”

Brady changed the subject. “Drat these mosquitos! They make the stew taste even worse. When are they going to learn how to keep the stuff edible?”

Keller's long face was somber. “What time do I go?”

Brady glanced at his watch. “Eight o'clock. You just got time and daylight enough to write a long letter to your girl.”

Keller stopped eating. His mouth sagged open. “Last one?”

Brady shrugged his broad shoulders. “Maybe,” he answered. “But all missions are like that. You never know which one is going to be the last one. You'll get used to it, when you've been around as long as I have.”

Keller was not listening. He had taken a stub of a pencil out of his pocket and had started writing with it on the back of an envelope.

“Just in case, Brady, will you see that this gets mailed?”

“Why not? Anything for a pal.”

Keller was still cramming words on the envelope twenty minutes later when Brady returned from the chow line with “seconds” on “mosquito stew.”

“Holy smoke!” Brady said. “You don't have to tell her the story of your life! Besides, you'll be back in twenty-four hours.”

“Sure,” said Keller. “But this one I owed her for over a week. I've been saving the paper for a special occasion. This could be it.”

Yah, thought Brady. It could be. He had figured that out almost an hour ago when the Captain had

told him about the mission. It was nearly ten miles through Red territory to Colonel Ying's command post. A long crawl. Keller would have to eat a lot of dirt if he wanted to avoid the two Red companies parked between "Charley" Company and Ying's headquarters.

"A cinch," he told Keller. "What are you worryin' about? You got it made!"

Keller handed him the envelope. "Sure I have, but maybe you can get another envelope some time to mail this one in, just in case."

"I'll get one if I need it," Brady said.

"Thanks!"

Brady got up and jammed the envelope into his pocket. He felt a little sick in his stomach. "Listen, Keller—" he said.

"Yah?"

"Never mind. Just be sure to report to Captain Dooley at eight sharp."

"Check," Keller said. "And, Brady, thanks again about the letter."

"Forget it. You'd do the same for me, wouldn't you?"

"You bet I would."

Brady stood there a minute longer. His mouth was open as though he wanted to say something. His dirty mess gear dangled in his lowered hand, dripping grease on his combat boots. Keller grinned up at him.

"You look sick, Brady. You'd think it was you going, instead of me."

"It's the stew. I ate too much. Well, Keller, here's luck. Don't zig when you ought to zag."

A short time later, Brady sat alone with his back propped up against a tree. He still didn't feel good. He blamed the stew. He got to thinking about Keller.

Plenty of courage. Nice guy. Quiet but nice. Not too much combat experience, but he'd make out. Captain Dooley wouldn't have to send anybody else.

Brady's mind wandered. He thought about Keller some more, and about some other guys. He thought about his buddies in "Able" Company. Calgano, Wright, Becker. Now, there was a bunch of guys with experience! He thought of the time they were at Anzio together during the "big one." They sure saw plenty. Toughest gang of dogfaces he ever met. Brady fingered his M-1. Wonder what they would've done in this spot, he thought.

★ ★ ★

Captain Dooley's tired eyes rose from the pile of maps in front of him and squinted at Corporal Keller through the dim candlelight of the Command Post.

"Yes, Corporal?" Dooley said. "What is it?"

"It's eight o'clock, Sir."

Dooley looked at his watch. "So it is," he said.

"What about it?"

"It's me, Corporal Keller, Sir, reporting for duty. Sergeant Brady said something about an ammo dump—"

"Oh, yes," Dooley said as he rummaged through the pile of maps and communiques before him. "Now, where did I put that—ah, here it is!"

Keller recognized his own handwriting on the envelope the captain handed him.

"Hey, where did you get this?" he blurted. "I mean—Sir."

Dooley smiled. "Sergeant Brady asked me to return it to you. He, uh, said he thought you were still a little too green to tackle a mission like this one. Said he would rather make sure of its success by handling it himself—oh, yes, Brady asked me to give you this, too."

"What is it?"

Dooley looked very tired. "What's it look like? A letter. Sergeant Brady said you would mail it for him just in case—"

THE END

2 BIG G. I. JOE CONTESTS

CONTEST
NO.

1

DO YOU
KNOW A G. I. WHO
LOOKS LIKE THIS GUY?

If you do, his photograph, snapshot, or candid picture, and a letter from you completing in 25 words or less the sentence —

I admire G. I. JOE because . . .

can win —

\$500.00 in cash for your G. I., plus a trip to New York!

\$100.00 in cash for you, for sending in the winning entry!

— for the winning G. I. and his wife or mother, a wonderful evening with a famous radio, television, stage or screen personality!

— for the winning G. I. and his wife or mother, a full week in New York as the guests of G. I. JOE Comics! Includes entertainment — hotel accommodations — meals — transportation — the works!

— in the name of the winning G. I. and the person submitting the winning photograph and letter, G. I. JOE Comics will donate to the

Red Cross Blood Donor Program, **\$1,000.00**

— To Army Emergency Relief, **\$1,000.00**

— 83 additional prizes in cash or merchandise!

2ND PRIZE \$ 75.00 Cash!

3RD PRIZE \$ 50.00 Cash!

4TH PRIZE \$ 25.00 Cash!

5TH through 14TH Prizes \$10.00

each, totaling . . . **\$100.00** Cash!

15TH through 34TH Prizes \$5.00

each, totaling . . . **\$100.00** Cash!

35TH through 84TH Prizes \$1.00 each, in

G. I. JOE SUBSCRIPTIONS **\$ 50.00!**



\$-\$1,500.00 IN PRIZES!



CONTEST
NO.

2

\$500.00 in cash and merchandise for the 84 best letters completing in 25 words or less, this sentence:

I admire G. I. JOE because . . .

1ST PRIZE	\$100.00	Cash!
2ND PRIZE	\$ 75.00	Cash!
3RD PRIZE	\$ 50.00	Cash!
4TH PRIZE	\$ 25.00	Cash!
5TH through 14TH	Prizes \$10.00	
each, totaling	\$100.00	Cash!
15TH through 34TH	Prizes \$5.00	
each, totaling	\$100.00	Cash!
35TH through 84TH	Prizes \$1.00 each, in	
G. I. JOE SUBSCRIPTIONS	\$ 50.00!	

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES FOR BOTH CONTESTS READ THEM CAREFULLY

1

Contests are open to all persons in continental U.S.A. and armed services personnel anywhere in the world. Employees of Ziff-Davis Publishing Company and their families in or out of service are not eligible. Contests open September 9. All entries must be postmarked no later than November 7. No entry fee is required for either Contest.

2

All entries will be judged before December 9. Announcement of the winners will be published on or before March 10, in G. I. JOE Comics.

3

No entries will be returned. All photographs and completed sentences including all reproduction and promotional rights become the exclusive property of Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., publishers of G. I. JOE Comics.

4

Judges in both Contests will be the editors of G. I. JOE Comics. Their decisions will be final. In the event of ties for the best photograph, the entry with the best letter will be adjudged winner. Should photographs and letters also tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

FOR CONTEST NO. 1 ONLY.

5

To the soldier whose photograph, in the opinion of the judges, most closely resembles the characteristics of G. I. JOE, the publishers of G. I. JOE Comics will award \$500.00 in cash. Winning soldier will

be brought to New York as the guest of G. I. JOE Comics for one full week. All expenses will be paid also for the winning soldier's wife or mother who may join him during the seven-day period that he is the guest of G. I. JOE Comics. Soldier's wife or mother will receive free transportation from anywhere within the continental limits of the United States.

In the name of the soldier whose picture wins first prize, and in the name of the person submitting the winning entry, G. I. JOE Comics will donate \$1,000.00 to the Red Cross Blood Donor Program and \$1,000.00 to Army Emergency Relief.

To the person who submits first prize-winning photograph and letter completing in 25 words or less the sentence—I admire G. I. JOE because . . . G. I. JOE Comics will award \$100.00 in cash. Photographs or snapshots submitted must be unretouched and must be of enlisted men now serving in the United States Army anywhere in the world. Name and address of prize winning soldier must appear on the back of the photograph. (Also Army Serial number, if available.)

6

Envelopes containing entries must show the number of the contest in which you are participating. Address all entries: Contest Editor, G. I. JOE, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. The Contest Editor cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding your entries.

WEEPY AND MEATBALL

in

The KESONG LEMON

I'VE SEEN NOTHIN' BUT G.I.'S FOR MONTHS! A GUY GOTTA BE BY HIMSELF ONCE IN A WHILE... HEY! A CAVE! LOOKS AS OLD AS MY FURLOUGH BID! MAYBE THERE'S SOME LOOT LYIN' AROUND... I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

MEATBALL
ECKERSALL

"B"AKER COMPANY BIVOUACS NEAR A HILL IN THE KESONG REGION. THE MEN STRETCH THEIR LEGS AFTER WEEKS IN FOX-HOLES, BUT WEEPY HOOLIHAN DECIDES TO GO EXPLORING BY HIMSELF. THIS IS STRANGE COUNTRY TO THE MUCH-TRAVELED G.I.

WEEPY
HOOLIHAN

IT'S NOT SO DARK WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT! HERE'S SOME KIND OF CRACK IN THE WALL! THIS I GOTTA INVESTIGATE!

YEOW! I'VE DISCOVERED AN UNDERGROUND PALACE OR SOMETHIN'! WHA... THIS ROCK IS MOVIN'! IT'S OPENING! THIS MUST BE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY!

WOW! THE GUY WHO OWNED THIS SET-UP MUST OF BEEN A BIG SHOT LIKE A **CHINESE MANDOLIN** OR SOMETHIN'! LOOKIT THE SUITS, AND PURE SILK, TOO! I GONNA TRY ONE FOR SIZE!



PERFECT FIT! IF MEATBALL COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW! I BET WITH THIS OUTFIT I COULD WIN FIRST PRIZE AT THE ELKS' COSTUME BALL! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT **ELSE** I KIN FIND!



HO, A MIRACLE HAS COME TO PASS! OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! BEHOLD! **THE KESONG LAMA!**

WHOA, THIS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD! THEY THINK I'M SOME KIND OF "LEMON" AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!



HEY, YOU GRINNING APES, LEGGO OF ME! I'M JUST A DOGFACE FROM BAKER COMPANY! **HEY, MEATBALL, HELP!**

BROTHERS! IT IS INDEED OUR SACRED LAMA! HERE IS POSITIVE PROOF, FOR HE DOES NOT SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE, A TRUE INCARNATION FROM ANCIENT TIMES!



ANYTHING YOU DESIRE IS YOURS, OH SACRED LAMA!

THE ONLY THING I CAN UNDERSTAND FROM THEIR LINGO IS "LEMON" SO I'M A LEMON—WHAT-**EVER THAT IS!**



MEANWHILE, IN BAKER COMPANY'S MEATBALL FINALLY ADMITS DE-
BIVOUCAC AREA, MEATBALL HUNTS FRANTICALLY FOR WEEPY...

I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE! THERE AIN'T NO TRACE OF WEEPY!

WE HUNTED, TOO, MEATBALL! IT LOOKS BAD! SOME OF THEM GUERRILLAS FROM THE HILLS PROBL'Y GOT HIM!



I GUESS THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' LEFT BUT TO NOTIFY HIS NEXT O' KIN! POOR WEEPY... I GOTTA FIND A NICE QUIET PLACE TO WRITE HIS FAMILY A LETTER!



MEATBALL ALSO FINDS THE CAVERN, AND...

LET'S SEE: "DEAR FOLKS ...IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO INFORM YOU..." HEY, THERE'S A CRACK IN THE WALL OF THIS CAVE... I WONDER WHAT GIVES!



IT'S LIKE IN THE MOVIES! MAYBE AN UNDERGROUND TREASURE HOUSE! ULP, THE ROCK IS MOVING!



AND MEATBALL ALSO FINDS THE ORIENTAL GARB...

I LOOK JUS' LIKE FU MANCHU HIMSELF!

ANOTHER LAMA! IT CANNOT BE!



SEIZE HIM! HE IS AN IMPOSTER WHO PROFANES OUR TEMPLE!

YEOW, I SURE GOT MYSELF IN ONE HECK OF A MESS! GIT AWAY FROM ME! SCRAM! SHOO!



YOU KIN HAVE YOUR FANCY KIMONA BACK! LEMME GO!

LEAD HIM TO OUR LAMA FOR JUDGMENT! THIS IMPOSTER SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR ENTERING OUR SACRED TEMPLE!



GREAT LAMA! WE FOUND THIS INTRUDER IN YOUR SACRED DRESSING CHAMBER!

THIS IS THE END! I CAN FEEL ONE OF THEM FANCY CARVING KNIVES ON MY THROAT AS SOON AS THE BIG WHEEL GIVES THE ORDER!



MEATBALL!

WEEPY, MY OLD PAL! YOU AIN'T DEAD!

BY THE SACRED DRAGON! THEY GREET EACH OTHER!





SUCH STRANGE GREETINGS FOR HOLY MEN!

QUIET, FOOLISH ONE! WE ARE DOUBLY BLESSED, FOR NOW WE HAVE **TWO** LAMAS!



HEY, BEIN' A LEMON IS SOME DEAL! DANCING GIRLS, GUYS BOWIN' ALL OVER THE PLACE! WHAT'S WRONG, WEEPY?

I'M HUNGRY! I WISH I HAD SOME **K** RATIONS WITH ME!



SUDDENLY...

MEATBALL, LOOK, **REDS**!

OUT OF MY WAY, STUPID PIGS! BEFORE MY MEN SLAUGHTER YOU!



SO THESE ARE THE SACRED LAMAS! LISTEN TO ME - YOU WILL NOT BE HARMED IF YOU DO AS I SAY! I AM TAKING THIS TEMPLE OVER AS A SECRET BASE!

HE DON'T RECOGNIZE US, BUT I DON'T LIKE WHAT HE'S UP TO! LOOKS LIKE THE RED'S ARE TAKIN' OVER!



HEY, WE GOTTA WARN THE BOYS! BUT HOW WE GONNA GET OUT OF HERE?

I'VE STUDIED THIS PLACE AND KNOW MY WAY AROUND! I'LL GO, PAL!



IT IS OUR LAMA! HIS PERSON IS SACRED, HE MAY GO WHERE HE PLEASES!

YEAH, I'M THE "LEMON"! GET OUTA MY WAY, BUSTER!

AS SOON AS WEEPY IS PAST THE RED GUARD...



HO! WAIT, GREAT LAMA! I AM YOUR SERVANT!

I GOTTA SHAKE THIS BODY-GUARD OF MINE, AND GET OUTA THIS PLACE WITHOUT BEIN' SEEN...

AS WEEPY LEAVES THE CAVERN...

WHEW... PUFF... PUFF... THAT WAS SOME CHASE! NOW TO GET BACK TO THE OUTFIT!



HOOLIHAN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT FANTASTIC GET-UP?

PLEASE, LOOTENANT, I'VE BEEN IN SOME UNDER-GROUND PALACE! THEM GUYS MADE ME A "LEMON", I CAME BACK TO WARN YOU 'BOUT THE REDS!



WHAT KIND OF STORY ARE YOU HANDING ME? CUT THE DOUBLE TALK AND GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT!

I TELL YA, MEATBALL IS BACK THERE IN A CAVE WITH THEM REDS UP IN THAT HILL! WE'VE GOTTA GET HIM OUT!



HENDRICKS, SLOANE, WILSON, GIBBS! GRAB YOUR WEAPONS AND BE READY TO MOVE IN FIVE MINUTES! WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE HOOLIHAN'S WILD STORY!

I AIN'T CRAZY, LOOTENANT! I WAS A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS "LEMON"!



WEEPY LEADS THE PATROL THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY...

I'LL BE DARNED IF HOOLIHAN'S STORY WASN'T TRUE! THERE ARE REDS HERE! HMM! THESE COSTUMES MAY COME IN HANDY!

SORRY, SIR, I GOTTA FIND MEATBALL!

HEY, WEEPY, WAIT UP!



AS WEEPY ENTERS THE TEMPLE...

YOU ARE NO LAMA. BUT A SNEAKING AMERICAN! YOU SEE, I UNDERSTAND ENGLISH!

HEY, LAY OFF MY BUDDY!



I SURE HOPE LT. PARKER GETS HERE PRETTY SOON! IF HE DON'T-WE'RE GONNA BE DEAD "LEMONS"!





THIS WAY, LIEUTENANT! HURRY!

LOOK, THEY'RE GIVING WEEPY AND MEATBALL A BAD TIME! GET THOSE REDS, MEN!



IF YOU DON'T WANT A BELLY FULL, GET YOUR MEN TO QUIT!

YAAAH, DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER!

AS THE REDS YELL "UNCLE," LT. PARKER SHOWS WEEPY AND MEATBALL A DISCOVERY WHICH THE PATROL MADE...

ONCE THE RED EQUIPMENT IS SMASHED THE G. I'S GET READY TO LEAVE...

THE REDS WERE GOING TO USE THIS AS A SECRET RADIO BASE TO KEEP TABS ON OUR FORCES! SUCH A LUCKY YOU GUYS BLUNDERED INTO THIS TEMPLE!

AN' I WAS HAVIN' SUCH A SWELL TIME UNTIL THOSE REDS BUSTED IN!

BOY! ARE WE POPULAR! THESE DANCIN' GIRLS WANT TO GO WITH US! IS IT ALL RIGHT?

NO!

AND GET THOSE COSTUMES OFF, WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE COMPANY LIKE SOLDIERS!

AW, LIEUTENANT! HAVE A HEART!



AS THEY REACH THE COMPANY AREA...

A PACKAGE FOR ECKERSALL! COME AND GET IT, MEATBALL!

FOR ME? OH, BOY, I GOT BACK JUST IN TIME!

LOOK, WEEPY, MEATBALLS FROM HOME! THERE AIN'T NOthin' FINER THAN MEATBALLS—HEY, WHAT'CHA DOIN'?

DIGGIN' DITCHES! LIEUTENANT PARKER SAID I HADDA PAY FOR MY EXTENDED VACATION! WHAT A COME-DOWN—AFTER BEIN' THE KESONG LEMON!



The End



HI, GUYS! HOW'S YOUR G.I. I.Q.? BELOW YOU'LL FIND FIVE PUZZLES. EACH ONE IS WORTH 20 POINTS. ARE YOU AN INFANTRYMAN OR A SAD SACK? THIS IS THE WAY YOU CAN KEEP SCORE: 100 - INFANTRYMAN; 80 - FIRST SERGEANT; 60 - MESS SERGEANT; 40 - M.P.; 20 - GOLDBRICK; 10 - YARDBIRD; 0 - SAD SACK. YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE. ALL SET? WELL, GO TO IT - ON THE DOUBLE!

THIS PUZZLE'S ABOUT A GIRL. IF YA FILL IN THE BLANK SPACES WITH NAMES OF FRUITS YOU'LL COMPLETE THE MESSAGE.

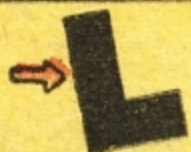
I HAVE A _____ WITH A _____
OF A GIRL. I CALL HER SUGAR
_____. SHE'S AS SWEET AS _____
CIDER. WHAT A _____!
WHAT A _____URE!



CAN YOU ADD THE NECESSARY LETTERS TO THOSE SHOWN TO COMPLETE THE NAMES OF SIX MEATS SHIPPED TO THE FRONT FOR OUR FIGHTING G.I.'S?

1. _ A _	2. _ _ US _ _
3. _ _ TEA _	4. _ _ V _ _
5. _ AM _	6. _ _ _ CK _ _

WHAT TWO METALS ARE SUGGESTED HERE?

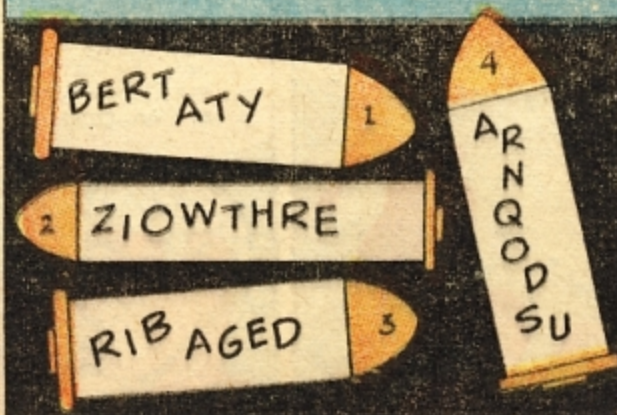


1.



2.

HOOSIER HAWKINS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PUZZLE UNSCRAMBLE THE WORDS ON EACH ARTILLERY SHELL. THE RESULT SHOULD BE FOUR ARMY TERMS.



USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN "VICTORY" SEE IF YOU CAN FIND 10 THREE-LETTER WORDS



A.W. NUGENT

SIX MISSING FRUITS: DATE, PEACH, PLUM, APPLE, TOMATO AND FIG
SIX MEATS: 1 - HAM, 2 - SAUSAGE, 3 - STEAK, 4 - LIVER, 5 - LAMB, 6 - CHICKEN.
METALS: 1 - NICKEL (NICK L), 2 - STEEL (STEAL)
FOUR ARMY TERMS: 1 - BATTERY, 2 - HOWITZER, 3 - BRIGADE, 4 - SQUADRON.
"VICTORY" WORDS: COT, COY, CRX, IEX, OEC, ROC, ROT, TIC, TOR, TOY AND TRY.

G.I. Joe

in

A STRIPE FOR JOE

EVERY MAN IN THE ARMY WANTS TO BETTER HIMSELF, AND THE ONLY WAY THIS CAN BE DONE IS BY THE ADDITION OF CHEYRONS. AS WE ALL KNOW, G.I. JOE BURCH'S SLEEVES ARE AS CLEAN AS A CHAPLAIN'S JOKE. OUR STORY OPENS IN A REAR AREA. SGT. MULVANEY IS SHOCKED TO DISCOVER HIS BUDDY LABORIOUSLY STUDYING AN ARMY TRAINING MANUAL...





'TEN-SHUN!

AT EASE, MEN! BURCH,
I HAVE SOME GOOD
NEWS FOR
YOU!

THERE'S AN OPENING
FOR ANOTHER PRIVATE
FIRST CLASS IN THE
COMPANY, BURCH—
AND YOU'RE IT! I'LL
MAKE IT OFFICIAL AS
SOON AS WE GET TO A
REST AREA!

GOSH! YA
REALLY MEAN
ITZ GEE!
GOSH! THANK
YOU, SIR!



WHAT D'YA THINK
OF THAT, MULVANEY?
I'M ON MY
WAY UP!

DON'T LET IT GO TO
YER HEAD! THAT
STRIPE CAN COME
OFF EASIER THAN IT
GOES ON! REMEMBER,
IT AIN'T TATTOOED TO
YER ARM!

WHEN I GET THAT
STRIPE IT'S GONNA
STAY FOR KEEPS! THIS
IS THE BEGINNIN' OF
A GREAT MILITARY
CAREER!

OKAY, GENERAL
BURCH, BUT DON'T
FORGET I'M A
COUPLA STRIPES
UP ON YOU! DON'T
GET ANY IDEAS!



MEANWHILE, AT "BAKER" COMPANY COMMAND POST...

YES, COLONEL! WILL
DO, SIR! ROGER
AND OUT!

WHAT'S COOKING,
CAPTAIN?



A NASTY JOB FOR YOUR
PLATOON, PARKER! YOU WILL
SECURE THE FARMHOUSE
THAT DOMINATES HILL 340
AND HOLD IT AT ALL COSTS!
A RED ATTACK IS EXPECTED
IN THAT
AREA! MOVE
OUT AT
ONCE!

RIGHT,
SIR!



LATER, AS THE FIRST PLATOON REACHES ITS OBJECTIVE...



QUICKLY, MULVANEY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO EFFECT...



SOME SYSTEM, HUH, JOE?
FAST AS YOU EMPTY A GUN,
WE HAND YOU ANOTHER!

YOU SERVE
'EM UP, AN'
I'LL DISH IT
OUT!

FOR ALMOST AN HOUR, JOE KEEPS UP THE DEADLY FIRE AS MULVANEY'S "AMMUNITION BRIGADE"
FEEDS HIM THE WEAPONS...



FINALLY, THE ENEMY FLEES IN DISORDER...

GOOD JOB,
KID! YOU
DESERVE A
MEDAL!

I AGREE WITH
YOU, SERGEANT!

I'M PUTTING YOU IN
FOR A BRONZE
STAR, BURCH!

GOSH,
LOUTENANT!
I MEAN--
THANKS--

I ONLY DID MY
DUTY, LOUTENANT!
BUT THERE WAS
A FEW MINUTES
THERE, WHEN I
FELT LIKE THE
EYES OF THE
WHOLE COUNTRY
WAS ON ME,
AN'...

OFF THE SOAP
BOX, JOE! YOU
HAD YOUR
CHANCE TO
SHINE! NOW
THERE'S WORK
TO DO--LIKE
DIGGIN' IN ON THE
CREST OF THIS
HILL! SO START
THROWIN' DIRT,
INSTEAD OF
WORDS!

GOSH, SARGE!
THIS AIN'T
NO WAY TO
TREAT ME!
I'M PRACTICALLY
A CELEBRITY!

CELEBRITY?
ALL YOU DID
WAS GET STUCK
IN THAT CELLAR!
AN' REMEMBER--
IT WAS MY
IDEA TO PASS

THE GUNS IN TO YOU!

SO KEEP
DIGGIN' AN'
SHUT UP!

A FEW DAYS LATER, "BAKER"
COMPANY IS RELIEVED AND
SENT TO A REST AREA...

READ IT AN' WEEP, MULVANEY!
BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY
COMMANDER, PVT. JOE BURCH
32174129 IS PROMOTED TO
PVT. 1ST CLASS! WHAT D'YA
SAY NOW?

DON'T GO
WILD WITH
POWER, JOE!

HEY, BURCH! PICK
UP YOUR PFC
STRIPES FROM
SUPPLY! AN' BE
SURE YUH SEW
'EM ON
PROPER!



SOON...



AIN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE T' SEE 'EM! I'M GOIN' TO TOWN, AN' FIND ME A TAILOR! THIS GOTTA BE DONE RIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER...



THERE OUGHTA BE A TAILOR SOMEPLACE!

MANY WEARY STEPS LATER...



HOT DOG! THERE'S ONE!

WHO YOU CALLIN' A PADDLEFOOT-- YOU TIN-CAN COMMANDO!

INSULTIN' THE TANK CORPS, HUH?

I'LL GET THEM STRIPES SEWED ON PROPER, AN'...

WATCH IT! HERE COMES THE MPS!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

OOOOH!

OUTA OUR WAY, MEATHEAD!

HEY, SAM—I GOT ONE OF 'EM!

THE OTHER TWO GOT AWAY! OKAY, LET'S TAKE THIS GUY UP TO THE PROVOST MARSHAL!

IT'S A MISTAKE! I WASN'T FIGHTIN'! I'M INNOCENT!

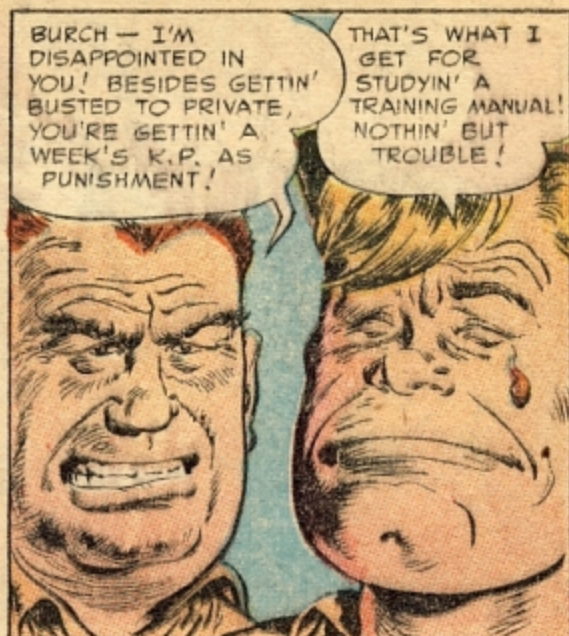
IN THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE...



... BUT, SIR, I WASN'T FIGHTIN'... I WAS JUST GOIN' INTO THE TAILOR SHOP TO GET MY NEW PFC STRIPES SEWED ON!

A LIKELY STORY! I SUPPOSE YOU GOT THAT SHINER FROM RUNNING INTO A DOOR-KNOB!

BACK IN "BAKER" COMPANY'S AREA...



MAIL CALL

YAHOO!

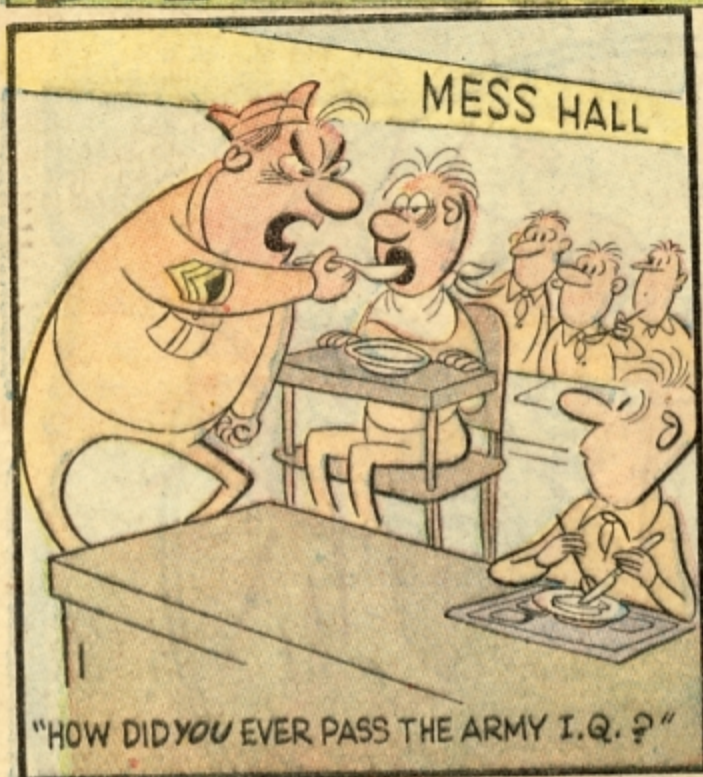
GOTTA KNOCK OUT THIS COMMIE
NEST AND GET BACK TO
"B" COMPANY FOR **MAIL CALL!**
MAYBE THERE'S A LETTER
FROM -- **YOU!!**



IF YOU HAVEN'T WRITTEN, GET
ON THE BALL! ALL THE GUYS IN
"BAKER" COMPANY WANT MAIL.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO ME,
G. I. JOE
ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO.
366 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



ARMY CHUCKLES

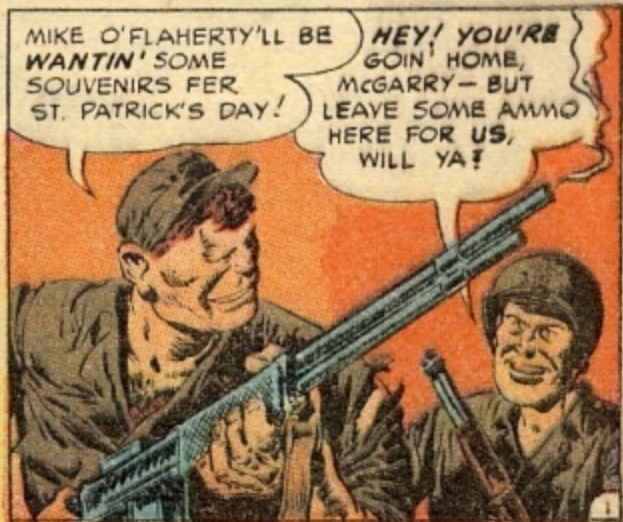


G.I. Joe

in

A TRIP HOME

PADDY MCGARRY WAS THE IRISH BARON MUNCHAUSEN. HE HAD A STORY FOR EVERY OCCASION, AND TO THE BOYS OF "BAKER" COMPANY EVEN A 24-HOUR PASS COULDN'T BE HALF AS ENTERTAINING. BUT AS USUAL, SGT. MULVANEY WAS THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT, DOUBTING EVERY WORD THE HUGE GUNNER SPOKE. NOW WE SEE MCGARRY—WHO HAS JUST RECEIVED A FURLOUGH—IN WHAT WILL PROBABLY BE HIS LAST BIT OF ACTION FOR SOME TIME...



SURE, AN' I'D LIKE TO BE TOTIN' YE HOME WITH ME, MULVANEY... MARCHIN' YE RIGHT UP FIFTH AVENUE AT THE VERY HEAD OF THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE!

YOU'LL BE LEADIN' THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE, OF COURSE! THEY WOULDN'T DREAM OF ASKIN' ANYBODY ELSE!

THAT I'LL BE, SERGEANT! SURE, NOW — YER NOT DOUBTIN' ME WORD?



THAT NIGHT, PADDY'S LAST WITH "BAKER" COMPANY BEFORE HIS FURLOUGH, THE LIGHT OF AN APPROVED FIRE MAKES BOTH PADDY AND HIS YARN'S SEEM BIGGER THAN EVER...

... ME THANKS TO YE, JOE BOY, FOR YER GENU-WINE INTEREST! IT'S WARMIN' TO THE HEART OF AN' IRISHMAN -- WHO'S DETECTIN' A POOR LEVEL OF BELIEF ON CERTAIN OTHER FACES!

IF IT'S MY FACE YER MENTIONIN', MCGARRY — YER DETECTIN' IS RIGHT!

DOUBT YER WORD? MCGARRY — YER TALES ARE TALLER'N MOUNT EVEREST! IF I WASN'T A GENNELMAN I'D CALL YOU A BLASTED LIAR!

YER HURTIN' ME FEELIN'S, SERGEANT! AN' YOU A SON OF THE ALLIED SOD!



EVEN IF I'M GOIN' HOME TOMORROW, SERGEANT — IF IT'S CALLIN' ME A LIAR Y'ARE, I'LL --

RELAX, PADDY! SERGEANTS ARE BORN NOT BELIEVIN'! NOW, C'MON — FINISH YER STORY! THERE YOU WERE IN MIKE O'FLAHERTY'S BAR WITH THESE SIX HOODS MOVIN' IN ON YOU!



TWELVE HOODS, JOE BOY!
AN EVEN DOZEN KILLERS,
BOUGHT 'N' PAID FOR
BY BLITHERIN'
RACKETEERS.

... WELL, AS I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, BEFORE
IGNORANT SKEPTICISM INTERRUPTED ME... THESE
TWELVE HOODS— ALL ARMED WITH CLUBS, MIND YOU—
ARE FORCIN' THEMSELVES INTO THE
SACRED PRECINCTS OF
MICHAEL O'FLAHERTY'S
WATERFRONT BAR...

THE GUY'S
SEEN' DOUBLE
BEFORE HE
STARTS...

"...MIKE, HIMSELF BEIN' A GOD-FEARIN' AMERICAN AN'
LOYAL TO HIS FLAG, IS LEANIN' OVER THE BAR— WHERE
I HAPPEN TO BE HAVIN' A QUIET ONE— AN' POLITELY,
OF COURSE, IS ASKIN' 'EM TO LEAVE..."

I'LL NOT BE 'HAVIN' THE LIKES
O' YOU HOODLUMS ON ME
RESPECTABLE PREMISES!
NOW, OUT WITH EVERY
LAST ONE OF
YE!

LISTEN, PUNK! I BEEN
HOPIN' FER A GOOD EXCUSE
TO BEAT YER EARS OFF!
LOOKS TO ME LIKE I AIN'T
NEVER GONNA GET A BETTER
ONE!

WHAM!



PUT ME BEER ASIDE,
MIKE - IT'LL BE A
MINUTE OR TWO
BEFORE I'M FINISHIN'
IT...

IT'S A FRESH
ONE I'LL BE
BREAKIN' OUT FER
YOU, PADDY ME
BOY! TAKE
YER TIME!



KILL DA
SQUAREHEAD!

MOIDER
'IM!

"...FROM WHERE ME LEAP IS LANDIN'
ME - AFTER SPILLIN' A GOODLY
NUMBER OF THE PACK RATS ON ME
WAY... I FOUND MESELF NEXT TO A
WEAPON MORE SOOTHIN' TO THE
TOUCH THAN ME OWN SHELLALAGH -
WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS
WITHOUT..."



"...SO, MAKIN' THE BEST O' THINGS, I'M
GRABBIN' MIKE'S TWELVE-HANGER COAT TREE..."



"...AND I'M PRESENTIN' IT TO ME FLEA-BITTEN
OPPONENTS LEGS FIRST - WITH ME
COMPLIMENTS, OF COURSE..."



"...BEIN' EVER A GENTLEMAN, AND NOT WISHIN' TO NEGLECT THE REST OF ME GUESTS, I AM LETTIN' THEM HAVE MIKE'S TREE ON THE WAY BACK...!"



THE BEER'S COLD, PADDY, AN' VERY TEMPTIN'! BY WAY OF THANKIN' YE FER YER MILD EXERTION, COULD I BE HELPIN' YE ON WITH YER COAT?

...SO YE CAN READILY SEE, KEEPIN' THINGS NICE 'N' ORDERLY IS, FOR PADDY MCGARRY, NOTHIN' MORE THAN A WILLIN'NESS TO MOVE AROUND A LITTLE!

GEEZ, PADDY! AN' WITH NOTHIN' BUT A COAT TREE!



BUT THE SUDDEN SCREAMING WHINE OF A RED MORTAR PIERCES "BAKER" COMPANY'S EARS...

OF ALL THE HOKED-UP, SAP-RUNNIN' HOGWASH I EVER HEARD, THAT'S ABOUT THE --





AND AS BAKER COMPANY ROARS DOWN THE CANYON TO MEET THE ONRUSHING REDS...



BUT ABOVE THE FURIOUS DIN, PADDY COULDN'T HEAR MULVANEY'S WARNING — AND PADDY STOPPED A BULLET WITH THE MCGARRY NAME ON IT. THERE'S ONE THING THAT SHINING RED DIDN'T FIGURE ON, THOUGH, AND THAT'S THE "LUCK OF THE IRISH!" — BECAUSE AS PADDY PUT IT HIMSELF, THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN A VICTORIOUS "BAKER" COMPANY SAW HIM OFF IN THE AMBULANCE THAT WAS TO START HIS TRIP HOME — IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A FLEA-BITE O' COMMIE LEAD TO BE KEEPIN' MCGARRY OUT O' THE PARADE!



The End

Combat Correspondent

THE COMBAT CORRESPONDENT MUST KNOW WAR FROM EVERY ANGLE! THEREFORE, MISSIONS IN RECONNAISSANCE PLANES ARE COMMONPLACE TO HIM...

WE'RE OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!

YEAH, GOT COMPANY, TOO! HEY, LOOK! **OUR** FIGHTERS ARE WITH US! WOW, LOOK AT THEM BLAST THE BANDITS!



TO GET ACCURATE ACCOUNTS OF INVASION LANDINGS...

THE FOLKS BACK HOME CAN BE PROUD OF THEIR BOYS FOR THIS JOB!... AND I'M GOING TO TELL THEM ABOUT IT!



AT LEAST! THEY'RE PLANNING TO OUTFLANK US, BUT IT ISN'T GOING TO WORK! COME ON, WE'RE HEADING FOR THE COMMAND POST! THE COLONEL WILL HAVE A SURPRISE PARTY ALL READY FOR THEM... WITH PLENTY OF FIREWORKS!

SO THE "FOLKS AT HOME" MAY KNOW HOW THE ENEMY IS PROBED OUT, THE UNARMED CORRESPONDENT GOES ON COMBAT PATROLS..

WOW! THEY MUST BE MOVING UP A BATTALION OF INFANTRY!



DURING HEAVY FIGHTING, THE CORRESPONDENT OFTEN FORGETS HIS NOTE BOOK AND LENDS VALUABLE AID TO OUR MEDICS...

HERE, MAC, YOU GET YOURSELF BACK TO THE AID STATION! I'LL HELP WITH THE STRETCHER!

UNHHH! GOT ME IN THE ARM!



AND THERE IS ALWAYS THE MISERABLE TASK OF TRYING TO WRITE COPY IN RAIN, MUD AND SNOW...

RAIN! MUD! JUST ONCE I'D LIKE A NICE WARM, DRY PLACE TO WORK IN! BUT THEN, I GUESS THE GI'S WOULD, TOO... I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TO KICK ABOUT!



THE PER CAPITA MORTALITY RATE FOR CORRESPONDENTS FAR EXCEEDS THE PER CAPITA MORTALITY RATE FOR COMBAT SOLDIERS! UNARMED, ALWAYS WHERE THE ACTION IS HEAVIEST, THIS HARDY HANDFUL OF MEN IS IN CONSTANT DANGER...



THE END

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